

FROM CHARLESTON.

ARRIVAL OF THE CONTINENTAL

The Attack on the Ironsides.

FAILURE OF THE REBEL TORPEDO

Gen. Gillmore Hard at Work on the Batteries.

The steamship Continental, Capt. Marshman, from the Bar on the 9th, arrived on Tuesday morning. Capt. Marshman reports. On the night of the 6th the Rebels sent down a torpedo attached to a raft from the city to the iron-clad Ironsides, lying at anchor off Fort Moultrie, which exploded under her bows, throwing a great volume of water on board, putting out all her fires, killing Captain Howard, and wounding two seamen, but doing the vessel no damage. The man who had charge of the torpedo was captured and taken on board the Ironsides.

The Ironsides remained at anchor off the Moultrie House, the Monitor doing picket duty off Sumter.

Gen. Gillmore was yet erecting batteries on Morris Island.

Nothing of importance had transpired since the departure of the steamer Fulton.

Our thanks are due to Mr. S. E. Craft, the Purser of the U. S. steam transport Continental, for facilities.

Affairs in the Department—No Vallandigham among the Ohio Troops—Appeared Attack on Folly Island—Colored Soldiers.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

FOLLY ISLAND, S. C., Oct. 2, 1863.

A short stay in Beaufort and at Hilton Head, Morris, and Folly Islands is sufficient to satisfy any one of the amount and kind of work that is being done by Gen. Gillmore.

At Beaufort are the principal Hospitals of the Department, now in charge of Dr. M. Clymer, who is bringing them up to the highest standard of effectiveness by placing most competent men in charge of the hospitals there thus returning Regimental Surgeons to the field where they are greatly needed.

One hundred wounded from Gen. Kilpatrick's cavalry division reached here this morning. One hundred and thirty sick from the same army corps (the Second) have also arrived. They were distributed among several of the hospitals.

A number of prisoners of war, captured near Beaufort on the 10th inst., have reached here from the Army of the Potomac.

It is represented that the fighting thus far, has been purely on our side at least, by cavalry and artillery supports of cavalry, the main army not having been engaged at all.

Last night at Warrenton Junction, some Rebel sympathizers set fire to a train of cars containing hay and grain, doing some little damage.

Passengers who arrived here from the front this afternoon state that, yesterday, a reconnoitering party of the Sixth Corps crossed the Rappahannock, went a short distance beyond, and returned toward night to New Berlin.

A second reconnoitering party skirted up the right bank of the Rappahannock yesterday afternoon, and returned to the vicinity of the Rappahannock Station last night.

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On Saturday the Rebel Gen. Stuart crossed Robert Morris's River and captured nearly all the force of the 10th New-York who were doing picket duty, but the 3d Michigan Cavalry made a charge and recaptured most of the prisoners. Soon after A. P. Hill's corps passed our right flank, and we fell back to James City and held the Rebels in check with artillery.

On Sunday morning our forces crossed the Rappahannock, and on Monday morning two corps recrossed and drove the enemy to Brandy Station with a severe loss in killed and wounded and prisoners on the Rebel side. They then received an order to fall back, which they did in good order.

Gen. Buford with his cavalry was on the left, Kilpatrick was in the center, and Gregg on the right. Gregg and Buford succeeded in holding the enemy in check on the right and left until 6 o'clock, when, acting under orders, they fell back on our main body, the purpose of which the Rebels well understood.

A demonstration by the Rebels against the southwest end of this island is predicted by officers of high rank, but the soldiers are confident that with present means of defense, any such demonstration would prove futile.

The colored soldiers are the best for fatigue duty, for they can work and live rationless or no rations. Details are on duty at all hours of the day, and often until midnight.

At about eight o'clock yesterday some colored Sergeant, in command of a working squad that had been furnished that day with only three oxen each, called out to his men, who were singing: "Tenting' Jezebel" to two great questions of oil day for debate. The fact was, will oil break my right—which arm am I to use in defensive cause he had done right already. But second now, will oil break my left?—and I am only a boy to whom it is difficult to tell the difference between a right and a left. And his squad went to work with a will, making the air resound with their original songs.

Of the plantation and school systems I have seen enough to be convinced that they are gradually being developed into conditions that will insure permanent benefits. Utopian dreams may not be realized, but it will be proved that the blacks are capable of self-government, and that they are able to support themselves on their own enterprise. During the vacation in the schools a black soldier has opened a colored school in Beaufort, and I found him instructing some sixty pupils with great earnestness. At I remain here a few days longer, I hope to be able in my next to give you some more interesting particulars.

E. B. O.

Affairs on Morris Island—Indifference of Soldiers to Danger—The Attack on the Ironsides.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., Oct. 6, 1863.

This memorable spot is still the field of active operations, though the death-struggle that gave it to our possession has long since passed. Going up the beach, one passes the encampments of the troops commanded by Gen. Terry, and the famous parallels, through which "flying" and "full" saps, the heroes of this Department approached Wagner. Scattered along the sand hills is the act of the great work that has been accomplished—trenches, rev. reds, walls, ammunition, broken wagons and gun carriages, exploded and unexploded shells, disabled guns of massive dimensions, and the thousand nameless, shapeless fragments that have accumulated there since the commencement of the great work. Looking right before you as you advance, you discern on Sullivan's Island Forts Bea and Moultrie, and away to the right, in the position that commands almost every point of this end Folly Island, as well as all the shipping in the different inlets, a "look-out," that reaches high above the tallest pines.

You feel that you may be seen from that "Look-out," and you wonder if a message has not already been sent to the commander of some battery, to aim directly at a spot over which you must pass. As you advance, you observe soldiers fishing, a few yards from where the shells occasionally strike the water, others preparing timber, or repairing gun carriages, and so on. You look up, and suddenly observe that white puff in the distance, with a distinct report, and you exclaim, "Johnson," and you proceed with a brother resolution. At length you reach Wagner—a thousand workmen are busy on its sides—you feel elated with the contemplation, broken wagons and gun carriages, exploded and unexploded shells, disabled guns of massive dimensions, and the thousand nameless, shapeless fragments that have accumulated there since the commencement of the great work. Looking right before you as you advance, you discern on Sullivan's Island Forts Bea and Moultrie, and away to the right, in the position that commands almost every point of this end Folly Island, as well as all the shipping in the different inlets, a "look-out," that reaches high above the tallest pines.

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